Since Jammes has been here, Athman has been spending day and night writing poetry. The thing he insists on most is that the rhyme be very rich. He doesn't mind going as far as punning to achieve his effect. Occasionally he turns out something striking:

Under the palms no concerts are heard. . . .[5]

or this:

. . . He who has known love
Has indeed drunk the bitter water
And time no longer touches him*

He continues to read The Thousand and One Nights assiduously, knows by heart the story of Aladdin, and has begun signing his letters "Athman or the Wonderful Lamp."

Jammes has given me his walking-stick. It is made of ironwood and comes from the "Islands'*; it amuses the children hereabouts because its handle is a greyhound's head. It is polished like jade and yet so crude that you would think it had been carved out with a knife* I have never

Ics figuicrs et lea cassis
sont pour &lre assis
dcssous quand la fatigue est
grande.

On reste sans bouger du tout
en fermant les ijeux.
On ftsf heureux paresseux.
Le jardin} on en tend dessous
lean claire qui chante
comme une femme arabe.

On est si bien dtre paresseux
en fermant les yeux
comme si on dort,
on est si bien, Athman,
dans la paresse grande
quon croit qu'on est mort.

* Sous les pdmiers, il rfy a pas de concerts. . . #

[6] . . . Celui qui connait
L'arwour a bien bu I'eau am&re
Et le temps ne Vintfresse plus.